

PRINTED AND BY THE ALBION PRESS

FORTNIGHTLY

LAST
PUBLISHED
IN
1938

Price, TEN
CENTS.



Vol. 2, No. 2

J. T. Fleming '98



LEADER.



You remember St. Simon's fatuous dream of a scientific organization of society—that is, an organization conforming to the laws of political economy, or the science of acquiring riches.

Well—

We have it.



Only slaves are equal. In a herd equality reigns. Down with instruction and science! It is necessary to organize obedience. The thirst for study is an aristocratic thirst. With the family appears the desire for property. That desire must be killed—if we are to live up to our Jeffersonian professions of democracy. Liberty, equality—we must favor drunkenness; we must propagate an unprecedented democratic debauch; we must stifle genius in the cradle—then we shall have reduced all to a common denominator—then, indeed, we shall have complete equality. Only slaves are equal—only drunken slaves are free.

The slaves should have chiefs.

Complete obedience, complete impersonality, complete equality—he-slaves and she-slaves, glorious in equality.

Every thirty years or so the chiefs would give the order for turmoil—

Then should the slaves fall upon each other and rend and gnaw and destroy—up to a certain point—

That of not boring themselves.

Ennui is an aristocratic pleasure.

Free and equal?

Only slaves are equal.

Only drunken slaves are free.

It is not often that I pay any attention to the criticisms that are passed upon my work. I have got into a habit of seeing things, as best I can, through a monocle, and saying them, as best I can, in English words. The other day however, I talked with a man whose words carry weight. He is a sound man and a broad man, and when he offers you a criticism it is usually worth taking home with you. He said: "In M'LLIE NEW YORK it seems to me there are two distinct tendencies—you praise anarchy and you uphold imperialism. I do not think that you have really worked out your theory—whatever it is."

"But my approbation of anarchy," said I, "is purely sentimental. You admire the missionary who goes abroad—on \$1,500 a year—to save souls. And doubtless he is a good little creature, this hired altruist, who loves his fellow-men for so much a month. I have met many of them—I know them—they are absolutely inoffensive personally—but—"

"They work for the happiness of others, and working for the happiness of others is always a crime—it is the historic crime—it is the crime for which One Altruist was nailed to a cross. Your paid missionary does it in the mere way of making a living. He may put up with a few discomforts. What do they amount to? No more than you and I undergo in our devious ways through life."

"Well?" said the sound man.

"Well," said I, "you admire the missionary?"

He nodded.

"And I temper my cynicism with a sincere and amazed admiration for the anarchist. I believe he is the only true man on earth—the only man who is honest with himself. He thinks that our organization of society is foul and cruel and bad, and he wastes himself in a futile effort to destroy it. These poor Christs of anarchy! They are like that other Christ who wrecked himself on the sins of the world. He too saw that the organization of society, which is called civilization, is base and unjust and bad. He sympathized with the weak and the injured. Like Luccheni and Caserio, like Spies and Henry, he hated the oppressor—and he struck. They were feeble blows, if you will, futile blows. God knows the world went on quite as it had gone before. Our civilization to-day is the very same civilization against which the white Christ did inutility protest. Perhaps we are a trifle more hypocritical—but that is all. Still do we hang our Christs on scaffolds—still do we lay them in the grave. The world is no better and the world is no worse. It is as it has ever been. The rogue preys upon the fool, and the coward gives the wall to the bully. We are all hypocrites, time-servers, opportunists. Honesty? Strip human nature to the skin and you'll not find a clean square inch. Our few honest men we hang or crucify. Why? Because they are

dupes of an altruism that is neither to hold nor to bind, and in the present organization of society altruism is a crime."

This I said to my friend, who is a broad man and a sound man, and he asked me why I advocated imperialism, if I believed all this. The question is worth an answer.

I recognize, as does every thinking man, that democracy is a failure—that these United States are a monstrous illustration of the failure of democracy. The fatuous phrases that the makers of the American constitution filched from sappy sentimentalists like Rousseau and Mirabeau are quite meaningless to-day. Not even the most listless demagogue—neither McKinley nor Croker nor "Silver Dollar" Smith; not one of their employers, be it the shrewd Whitney, Hanna, the anthropomorph, or the eczemic Morgan—believes that all men are born free and equal. They know, as you and I know, that every man is born to an heritage—you to your heritage and I to mine. They know that birthrights and privileges are inequal. They know that there has never existed a more effective system of slavery than that which exists to-day.

This so-called Christian organization of society is as base and vicious a one as ever existed—baser than any other, perhaps, by reason of its very hypocrisy. It is not a democracy. It is not even a tolerable aristocracy. It is the rule of the dollar—and sets above us vulgarians like Hanna and Morgan and men of that stamp.

You cannot do away with inequality.

Life is conditioned in inequality, even as music is conditioned in silence.

The dream of the honest anarchist—this pitiful Christ!—is futile as blown smoke. One thing he has seen—that our civilization is a vulgar tyranny, an imposture and a hypocrisy. He would fain destroy it. Up to a certain point I agree with him—our organization of society is absurd, dirty, sad and inefficient. But at this point we part company—very courteously I wave farewell to Krapotkin and Octave Mirbeau, to Elysée Réclus and many another honest man. I see no use in destroying our present civilization. Its successor would be equally sad and dirty. One step in advance would be to reform it. How? Merely by taking off the disguise—stripping off the dirty rags of democracy—coming out honestly and frankly to give the lie to the absurd founders of this republic. This is no democracy. This is no republic. 'Tis a mere vulgar, financial tyranny. Now, I would send the Morgans and Hannas back to their shops, send the Crokers to their kennels, send weaklings like McKinley back to their self-respect, send all these ill-bred, nauseous vulgarians back to the holes they have crawled from—to befoul the public highway. And it is only by establishing an imperialistic government, strong, self-centred, sworded, arrogant, unjust, brutal—disdaining all hypocrisy—that an end can be put to this squalid tyranny of the money-grabbing rogues.

The anarchist says: "'Tis a dirty civilization."

"True, my brother."

"Let us destroy it——"

"No, my brother—let us organize it into a gentlemanly tyranny—let us take it out of the hands of the trading and bargaining vulgarians and give it to him who carries a sword. Then we shall have gained something, my brother."

"And what shall we have gained?" asks the anarchist—this poor Christ of the gutter!

"Honesty, at least, and a gentlemanly, well-ordered life. To-day we are ruled by weaklings, rogues, demagogues, vulgarians, shop-keepers—better, I say, the strong man. 'Tis better to be scourged by Attila than to be eaten alive by parasites."

I hear the grinding of the swords, and he shall come.

LE VIOLONEUX.

*Le violoneux du village
qui a un jaquet trop court
comme on en voit aux vieilles
images,
et un chaperon a ruban de velours,
le violoneux rase a face rubiconde
et nez rouge qui recluit,
mene le cortège des danseurs de
ronde
derriere lui.*

*Il y a toute la troupe
des galopins au gai babil
Petit Poucet et Riquet a la Houppe
qui tirent les basques de son habit.*

*Il y a Peau d'Ane et Cendrillon
qui porte sur l'épaule une souris,
et toute la foule des pieds mignons
en souliers gris.*

*Il y a Scaramouche qui souffle en sa
flûte,
Polichinelle qui tend sa tabatière
Pierrot qui fait la culbute
et Colombine qui rajuste sa jarretière.*

*Et comme ce maroufle
d'Arlequin qui merite vingt coup de
trique
passe adroitement sa pantoufle
entre les jambes du joueur de
musique,
le pauvre racleur de violon
qui perd l'équilibre
s'étale de tout son long.—
et toute la bande eclate de rire
—Tristan Klingsor.*

*The extremest cruelty is fostering
the good-for-nothing at the expense
of the good.*

VANCE THOMPSON.

THE SLEEP

OF ::::

THE SHADOW

LARKS.

All day in exquisite air
The song clomb an invisible stair,
Flight on flight, story on story,
Into the dazzling glory.

There was no bird, only a singing.
Up in the glory, climbing and ringing,
Like a small golden cloud at even,
Trembling 'twixt earth and heaven.

I saw no staircase winding, winding,
Up in the dazzle, sapphire and blinding,
Yet round by round, in exquisite air,
The song went up the stair.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

To the harsh, sacrificial tones of curious shells wrought from conch let us worship our blazing parent planet! We stripe our naked bodies with ochre and with woad, and lament the decline of our god under the rim of the horizon. O sweet lost days when we danced in the sun and drank his sudden rays! O dread hour of the coming of the Shadow, the Shadow whose sinister wings drape the world in gray; the Shadow that sleeps! Our souls slink behind our shields; our women hide in the caves; the time is near and night is our day. Softly, with feet of moss, the Shadow stalks out of the South. The brilliant eye of the Sun is blotted over, and with a remorseless mantle of mist is the silvery cusp of the new moon enfolded. Follow fast the stars, the little brethren of the sky, and like a huge bolster of fog the Shadow scales the ramparts of the dawn. We are lost in the blur of doom, and the long sleep of the missing months presses heavily upon our eyelids. We do not rail at the coward Sun-God who has fled, fearing the Shadow, but creep noiselessly to the women in the caves. Our shields are cast aside, unloosed are our stone hatchets, and the fire lags low on the hearth. Without, the Shadow has swallowed the earth; the cry of our hounds stilled as by the hand of snow. The Shadow rolls into our caves, our women and children sleep, our brain is benumbed by its caresses, it closes the porches of the ear, and gently strikes down our warring members. Supine, routed, we rest, and above all, above the universe, is the sleep of the Shadow.

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER.



*Here is the pistol, here is the man—
Reason it out between you two.
Who gave the signal when life began?
Who shall answer when life is through?*

*It is easy to die, and men have died,
Questing the whimsies overhead,
But no man knows (for all ghosts have lied)
Whether man be better alive or dead.*

*There you have death at your finger-end—
Why do you query and prate to me?
If the secret you must know, dear friend,
Why, open the door—go forth—and see.*

—V. T.

THE MAN WHO WOULD.

*By all means use sometimes to be
alone.
Salute thyself.*

“UNHANDKER- CHIEFED PETEY” AND : : HAMLET.

Some day I shall write the story of Pietje Sno. I was in Brussels when they buried him, and the scene haunts me. Pietje Sno—which is as though one should say the “unhandkerchiefed Petey”—had no profession. His character was vague. He gained his livelihood by theft and roguery. He was the pride of the quarter of Marolles—a hercules, a bully, a drunkard, a tyrant, the terror of the police, the joy of the foul and turbulent quarter of the Rue Haute. Stendhal would have loved him and Nietzsche approved. He was married, this individual, and when he was in drink he used to beat his wife as though she were flax. One night last April he reeled home and thrashed her with peculiar and particular virtuosity. She waited until he was asleep and then emptied a bottle of vitriol in his ear. Had she ever seen *Hamlet*? Did she know that story “extant and writ in choice Italian”? That “knavish piece of work”? 'Tis strange to come upon that crime, repeating itself in a dingy garret in Brussels town. And so Pietje Sno died, screaming horribly, and his little, beaten wife was taken away to prison.

Perhaps the murder was banal—I am no *connoisseur* in crime—but the funeral of the victim was epic. The quarter rose to do honor to its dead hero. From tavern and *estaminet* they flocked—these gloomy, pale-faced drunkards of Teniers. Where you and I saw a mere cynic ruffian, a truculent bully and brutal thief, the quarter of the Marolles saw a hero of the people, a type of the unconquerable spirit that denies. The whole suburb subscribed a fund to bury him in state. Thousands followed the hearse, men and women and children; it was not a funeral, it was the triumph of a conqueror. They sang and danced and laughed. The huge mob rolled through the streets, enormous in its gaiety, turbulent and joyous. It was a kermess and a carnival. Cursing, howling, laughing, it stormed along—cheering its dead hero, hissing the police on which he had so often wreaked the vengeance they dared but dream of. Pietje Sno was He who Rebelled, and the mob, which is the Eternal Outlaw, did him homage.

I saw Victor Hugo buried; 'twas a form—a pageant—nothing; but the funeral of Petey—this murdered bully borne to his grave by a fierce mob of ruffians, thieves, drunkards, poisoners, harlots and bad husbands—was Homeric. Had a thousand of them but had his savage and reckless prowess, they might have sacked Brussels that day in the joyous sunlight.





THE WOMEN WHO WRITE. : :

Both George Eliot and George Sand were ignoble and cordial girls; they had talent, but it was quite barren, until fructified by the men of their intimacy. I quite agree with my correspondent that no man does good work without the silent collaboration and beneficent sympathy of a woman. Every good page a man writes should be inscribed to a woman. Equally true is it that when a woman writes you may be sure that there is a man behind her—and a very self-sacrificing one.

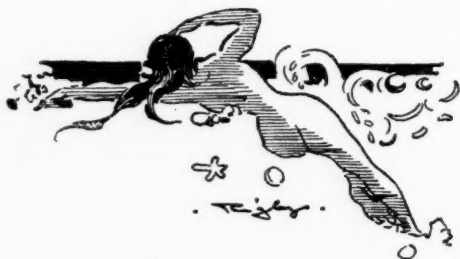
Woman is a charming and inconsistent little animal, and in according her a soul man has endowed her with many of his own finer qualities. During the last thousand

Florence, Italy, November 21, 1898.

Vance Thompson :

Sir—Doubtless you will not read this letter, since you scorn to read the lubrications of woman's pen. But as I have learned to do many things without hope of return, I may as well endeavor to do a little justice to two master minds of modern days; that is, in respect to your young readers.

Since, when you penned the following : "But are there any women writers? Behind George Eliot the brain and beard and inspiration of George Lewes; behind George Sand her lovers who made her books"—you cannot have been aware of certain facts. First, that George Lewes himself undertook to write novels, and having produced three, which all fell flat, he contented himself afterwards in trying other literary ventures, some of which made sad inroads on the funds of his "wife," George Eliot. As for George Sand, most people who do not ignore women altogether are in possession of the common knowledge that she produced her masterpieces after her household had retired for the night. True, her first novel was a partnership affair. But her second—if my memory is faithful—was written while she was away from Paris; and her partner, when shown the MS. on her return,



was so surprised at the genius it gave evidence of that he refused to share in the spoils.

To those who are interested in the progress of the race, and hence in the advancement of woman, it would at once be painful and interesting to see behind the curtain of the past; to note what tireless feminine fingers, what patient, enduring womanly hearts, what meek, submissive, gentle minds have been placed at the disposal of the lordly, monopolizing person termed man; and very interesting and very painful to mark the ways and methods by which he has remunerated this untiring, diffident helpmeet.

To be sure it is matter of Biblical record how the Genesis Adam rewarded his Eve, after he had tasted the apple so highly recommended (by some other man) as an eye-opener. (I have learned to read my Bible with wide-open eyes.)

Heaven hasten the day when the women will learn to stand up for and aid each other with the same unselfish devotion they have exercised toward man! for until they have learned this lesson they will continue to go to the wall in much the same thriftless fashion in the future as in the past.

M.



years she has been growing more and more human. She has discovered that love is not alone the peopling of the world. She has developed a heart and is in the way of acquiring a brain which is nearly as fine an instrument as that of man. For many a day, however, I believe her rather tepid mind will have to be fructified with masculine pollen.

When women write, said Heine, they have one eye on the paper and the other on a man.

The woman who writes, said Alphonse Karr, is guilty of two sins: She increases the number of books and decreases the number of women.

I am not one who makes malicious, saucy and ill-natured jests about women. They have given me the few happy moments of my life. To please them is my humble duty. They are the dear objects of my occupations and regrets. Car après tout le reste est vain!

—The Editor.

Everyone has more than one reason for not living.

It is only in moments of pitiless self analysis that one recognizes how sound and valid his reason is; if, at such moments, he is a strong man, he takes himself into a corner and dies; if he is a weak man he distrusts his analysis. Indeed, these moments of self-inspection are so rare that few people ever come to a knowledge of the reasons they have for not living. But the reasons exist. They may be no more heroic than ennui. It is all one. I knew a German student who killed himself for thrift's sake; he felt that the equation of life was not worth working out; the exertion was disproportionate to the result. Said he: "In the end, after the long equation is worked out, one finds that the answer is, 'zero equals zero;' it is not worth while." He died, and they buried him in a low-lying meadow by the Saale. I have never faced my reason for not living, and, I daresay, you—fearful of its implacable logic—have never envisaged your own. But one man's reason has been made plain to me. Three nights ago he told it to me as we paced the midnight streets—to and fro and to and fro, under flickering street lamps, in a night warm with the coming spring and soft with unshed rain. Three nights ago. And this morning I read in the newspapers the account of his

A MATTER OF LOGIC.

death. He had asphyxiated himself with gas in his room in a lodging house. He was a poor gentleman; so poor, indeed, that he had to borrow the money to hire a lodging where he might die. Should I have lent him the money? I thought so that night as we paced the gray streets, to and fro. This morning I do not know. And yet, there was the river, and it is better to die in bed, and he needed money for other things—but I do not know. The city should provide lethal chambers for those who are confronted with reasons for not living; the responsibility is too heavy for one man to bear. Perhaps I was right, but I do not know.

I had met him a half dozen times before that night. The first time we were fellow-passengers on a French liner from Marseilles to Naples. I have forgotten how we happened to speak to each other. We met again in Naples, and found, I dare say, a certain

pleasure in the meeting. I remember we went to a theatre together, and afterward played billiards for half a crown a game. Then I saw no more of him for a time. He was traveling with a courier, and I do not like couriers. He drank champagne, and I prefer still wines, so we did not hit it off together, and parted. Two years ago I came upon him in London, and we had luncheon together at the Café Royal, and parted with a certain kindly feeling. Then, three nights ago, he touched me on the shoulder as I turned out of Twenty-third street into Broadway. He looked wofully shabby, and I was sorry for him. We went into a hotel and drank some whisky and water.

"Shall we get a bit of supper?" I asked.

"I've just dined," he said.

He filled his pipe, while I lit a cigar, and then we went out and walked up Fifth avenue. I intended to ask him where he came from, but forgot it, and as he was in a taciturn mood, we walked on in silence. After passing three or four streets I decided to leave him.

"Come and dine with me to-morrow," I said; "there are a half dozen places where one can dine well in this city."

"Thank you," he said, "but I shan't dine to-morrow, don't you know; I'm going into training."

"Ah, into training," I remarked vaguely.

"Yes," said he.

We walked on a bit. I was wondering what he was going into training for, and whether the game was worth a good dinner.

"Well, luncheon, then," I said.

"D—n it!" he retorted, impatiently. "I shall not eat to-morrow. I say, can't you be reasonable? I wish you'd walk a bit with me. I want to talk to some one or other. Lord knows how I happened to meet you, but you're the only man in this city I know. And we've always been friends in a way."

"Yes," said I, "in a way."





"Then let us walk a bit and talk. Have you a match? My pipe is out."

"Do you smoke when you're in training?"

"Yes, I smoke and drink and sleep on a bench in the park," he replied.

"Are you stoney?" I asked.

"I haven't a blessed penny," he replied, cheerfully, puffing at his pipe, "I spent my last dime—do you call it?—for a package of tobacco, and very good tobacco it is. Why do you smoke cigars? They'll hurt you in the end. Better keep to a pipe."

"Don't you want to borrow some money from me?"

"No, why the deuce should I want to borrow money from you? I've had trouble enough in getting rid of what I brought with me. It has taken me six weeks. I had no sooner spent what money I had than I remembered I had a watch and chain. So I sold that and began spending all over again. Then my sleeve buttons and shirt buttons, a couple of coats—it has taken me quite a while. Fortunately I got rid of all my luggage at once by incurring a hotel bill I could not pay. They turned me out and kept my trunks."

"Is it a wager?" I asked.

"No wager," he replied, "merely a little account I have to settle—with myself."

"Turned ascetic?"

"No, again; but I expect to die in a few days. Indeed, I must die."

I looked at him closely; he did not seem to be jesting, and clearly enough he was not in drink. I let him go on without interruption. He had got his conversational gait, as it were, and talked fluently, with a nice care for words, as though he wished both to interest me and please himself.

"But it is not easy to die. One cannot walk into a chemist's shop and say, 'A half ounce vial of death,' and then go quietly into a corner and drink the stuff. One has to reckon with oneself. Oneself is sure to rise to points of order and question of personal privilege. One must detach oneself from the angry needs of life. One must make existence uncomfortable. One must mock the belly by dining on the north wind and irritate the nerves with alcohol and tobacco. When one's physical complacency is routed, one feels oneself more loosely attached to life. The detachment is easier. One is willing to die out of sheer impatience of physical discomfort. One may have excellent reasons for dying and yet find himself hampered by hereditary instincts toward living."

My interest slackened after a bit. I knew him for a man who would not keep an acquaintance walking the streets at midnight while he gasconaded about death, but it was getting late, and I asked him bluntly when he intended to put an end to his life.

"In two or three days," he said; "as soon as the brute is worn down into docility—into a mood in which he will not quarrel strenuously at being detached. Personally I am not a coward, of course, but I seem to be intimately interwoven with the brute. I must wear him down until he is willing to part."

"You are quite serious?"

"In intention? Quite serious."

"How do you intend to do it?"

"In the river."

"Don't you think the brute could be more easily persuaded to die in bed?"

"I daresay you are right. I could bring him to it easier. He revolts at the thought of the river. I believe you are quite right."

In this way I came to lend him the small amount of money which secured him a room in a lodging house—with gas—last night. There was no bravado in his talk. He was calm and self-contained. But I did not believe for a moment that he intended to put an end to his life—until he told me the reason he had for not living. Then I wondered that he was pacing Fifth avenue at my side—that he was not already a corpse, awash in the dragging tides of the river, or lying blue and throttled in a Bowery lodging house. Once while he was speaking I touched his arm, to make sure he had clung to life this long. Other men have had better reasons, it may be, for not living, but his pressed with relentless and implacable logic for immediate action.

Three nights ago.

Well, to-day we have carried his body to the morgue. I and two other people on this earth will know that the man is really dead; scores of people will expect to meet him and call him by name, and a certain wonder will grow as the years go by. I have written this morning to the two people who should know; and of us three not one, I daresay, could say whether the man has done well to die.

I think it was right, and yet—I do not know.



In the Morgue to-day is the body of an Englishman educated at Oxford for the Anglican priesthood, who died of alcoholism last night in the prison of the West Side Police Court. He was twenty-seven years of age, and was arrested on Wednesday on Eighth avenue for begging. He was sentenced by Magistrate Mott to six months in the workhouse. He suddenly became very ill last night, and Dr. Christian, of Bellevue Hospital, was sent for to attend him. When he was at the point of death Wellington murmured: "Let us pray." Those were his last words.

VANCE THOMPSON.



Admitting the hesitation, for his own emotions were not strange to him, he was firm that it did not arise from any fear that he would be led into a cheap, romantic and unprofessional act. The very idea of killing a patient or allowing him to die through neglect seemed so much of a colored calcium light and the trappings of the

ANAESTHETICS.

stage that to prove to himself (an uneasy conscience will have the strongest proofs) that the idea had arisen by extraneous suggestion he brought up and had before him his age, his character and his love; and although it must be inferred that the last looked askance at the other two, and the other two seemed somewhat shocked at the company in which they found themselves, and nodded their heads in a much disturbed and very sage manner, and though still more, the doctor was not a little amazed himself when he saw the vast difference in internals and externals between his familiars he nevertheless proceeded courageously with his examination, which ended as an examination so conducted naturally would end. In dismissing the trio he lingered regretfully over the departure of his love. There was no doubt the lady had possessed herself of as much of him as his age and character would permit. And now that they were alone, and that the two safeguards—ha! he admitted that they were safeguards!—had gone he yielded himself up to a moment of glorious illusion and felt a younger blood pulse through his arms, fire his limbs and make purpose for his life.

The awakening was harsh. He had hung his profession on the rack and sent simple sex away in the dismissal of age and solitary role of lover. The chorus of the Eumenides could not have been more fearful than the jangling of the bell—

"A patient, sir."

A patient forsooth! A patient—a thing to cut and slash, to scrape, to scold, to plaster, to feed pellets to, to pour oil on and to pour balm into—Bah! was he never to meet life except with the scalpel. A moment later he had forgotten his love—

"A merrie tale cometh never amiss."—Sir T. More.

the poor lady stood in the library; he had not even given her a courteous farewell—in the interests of a splintered ulna belonging to a person who could boast of the full complement of bones inside the skin, but of not a single one outside.

Now don't make the mistake. It wasn't science. He liked the boy's face, and from that moment the case interested him if it had been a splinter of wood in a finger instead of a shattered ulna. That you can see is not the scientific, and since the matter is under discussion we might as well admit right here that the doctor was not a great surgeon. Undoubtedly he was the most efficient in the town, undoubtedly he was the "best for miles around," but considered positively—and I regret to say it, for I am a lover of greatness of all kinds—he was not a distinguished man in his profession. People interested more than did their ills, and when he should have been

delving into the newly discovered intricacies of his science he was writing treatises about the condition of the poor or hunting up and scolding a neglectful injured who had avoided him, fearing the extra fee.

We left him with an absorbing ulna. A careful workman, that he was, and a sure one. The patient was in too serious a condition to be moved again, and was accordingly quartered in the house, which was but following traditions. It was there that Mrs. — entered into his plans with an ease that contrasted pleasantly with his previous experiences with housekeepers.

The patient attended to and the scientific tension—he really believed it was scientific—eased, once more there burst on him the love-lady. The transition, abrupt, was also painful, and in the easing of that pain he rushed to extremes that his better counsellors would have regarded with trembling and fear.

He had never loved—it was an old and blind argument—why should he not love now? That a past freedom from heart bindings should give him a particular right to love now was not to him a fallacy. And

*This is not meat for little people or for fools.
—The Book of the Sages.*

further—reasoning from the other side—did she love? That was the justification—it gave him what he wanted, the stand of the knight errant. Was she not in need of him that loved her, that would free her—these the vagaries of the moral man.

It was yet an hour before he would make his wonted call, but the patience that had made him a loveless man and a self-sustaining one had gone, and we must follow him now, heated, with heat that came from the heart, though yet not unnerved to his duty and his love—principally his love.

Morel had grown weaker, and Mrs. Morel, with that curious strength that frail women gather in a sick room, had grown calmer, more spiritual, and there was a nice dignity in her solicitous movements about the room that went more toward upsetting the doctor than had all her previous womanly and weak dependencies.

"Do you think you will have to operate?" she asked. There was a beautiful hardness to her voice—that strained, cold tone that fascinates by reason of the fact that it is but the cover of a luxuriant softness.

He ran his finger along the stylo-pharyngens, looked down in the throat, and then said:

"It will be dangerous."

She put her hand—it trembled—on his arm.

"Can he recover without the operation?"

"No."

His voice was harsh, harsher than he

This is a little story of the arachnean fascination of the female.

had ever imagined all possible restraint could make it.

"Would he recover if he survived the operation?" Her arm touched his; the side of her body was close to his.

The insensate man before him was lost.

His blood, fired by the contact, fairly swamped his professional attitude, which had been weakened by drawing on the undue hardness. Still he answered:

"He may and he may not."

She put her hand into his:

"Doctor, do as you will. If he must die, let all be done first. My strength is gone—you go on; you are my friend—you will always be."

The tears were in her eyes.

He raised her hand and kissed it passionately.

She did not protest.

* * *

The operation took place the next day.

* * *

'Twas two days later. The door of the house closed with a harshness that did not betoken a high regard for the occupants. The doctor had even forgotten his overshoes. His mind—men in passion believe it is the mind—had all been resolved into a thought.

He entered the office in much the same manner in which he had left the patient's residence. For two days the patient had been under the influence of drugs, for two days he had been by the side of the lady, for two days his arm had touched hers, often her hand came in contact with his—to-night would see the crisis. Either he must make the sacrifice or the unconscious patient would. The doctor, you see, had a conscience.

He rang the bell quickly, loudly—it relieved the tension. Then it was partly fear that reflection might weaken the resolution.

"Telephone the Rev. Mr. — to come at once."

The second order was:

"Ask Mrs. M— to come here."

"Mrs. M—, will you marry me?"

The woman's lips were pressed tightly together for a second. She opened them

The fire had gone out of him and there was left only smudgy soot and a foul smell.

partly, as though not to disturb the atmosphere of the scene:

"When, doctor?"

"Now—at once—I have sent for the minister."

She half closed her eyes to intensify the gaze. She was reading every line in his face.

"Yes, if you wish."

* * *

The man was dead. The assistant drew a long breath and said:

"He has fooled science."

"He has fooled me." It was the grim,

disrespecting humor that lies beyond the most intense passions well controlled, and recognizing it the doctor regretted it with the saying. But with it he felt a thrill; a new power seemed to have come, a new arena was opened to him, a new weapon given to him; he saw suddenly, almost with exultation, the Beauty of Cynicism.

In anesthetizing the moral nature he had killed it, and though the new nature answered as well to the conventions, from the man had gone out that of him which was of soul.

G. HENRY PAYNE.

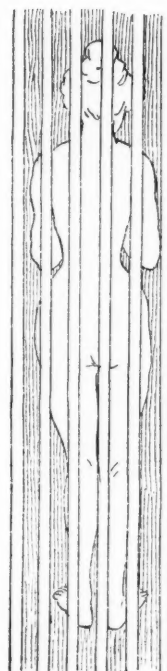
It was the hour of the Intermittent Minotaur, and the city, shaken with dim dismay, prepared the victims. Twelve beautiful virgins were silently saluted, from palace and from pave, as with heads enveiled and arms meekly folded they moved in solemn, sacrificial tread toward the harbor. No sound save suppressed sobbing met their ears, and the faces of them that stood in the street were gray with grief. Twelve beautiful virgins, daughters beloved and maidens of rare blood, this was the ransom demanded by the Intermittent Minotaur, and each year new virgins walked to the waters, the shining waters of the harbor, and thus passed from the eyes of their people. As the time approached a low wailing, as if from the tongues of a storm cloud buried beneath the horizon, filled the heart of the city with mortal fright; the wailing became a mighty clangor, and the sky was the color of brass, all yellow, all shining. Now the dumb depression, the vague alarms of the morning, gave way to outright madness. The highways were filled with men and women, tumbling and running like the sea, and screaming at the dread portents overhead. The air was thick, and the rising gale blew sand and slime before it, and the soul of mankind was oppressed, for it was thus the Minotaur made his intermittent visit; it was thus he made the bellies of the brave grow cold and cowardly, and so he swept away the ransom, the precious ransom of maiden bodies and maiden souls. The hollow roar of the tempest increased and crashed upon the housetops, and no sign was made by the virgins as they shivered and sank upon the marble and waited the coming of the bridegroom. They were twelve, and fair and slender, and enveloped in the cruel, circling mist they saw advancing with incredible swiftness a mighty ship, whose prow, shining like fire, split the boiling waters. The virgins rose and ranged themselves, and said one to the other:

"The gods be praised for a man!" and they lifted up their voices and sang the hymn of welcome to the Intermittent Minotaur, and when the storm passed, gone were the twelve beautiful virgins from the City of Vague Alarms, and their memory was hallowed evermore to the sound of delicate fluting.

THE CITY

OF : : :

VAGUE ALARMS.



J. G. H.

*Un soir, au bord de la riviere,
A l'ombre des noirs peupliers,
Pres du moulin de la meunier, ..
Passait un homme de six pieds,
Il avait la moustache grise,
Le chapeau rond, le manteau bleu,
Dans ses cheveux, soufflait la bis:
C'était le Diable ou le bon Dieu.*

SYMBOLS.



Green grew the reeds and pale they were.
And all the sunless grass was gray;
The sluggish coils of marsh-water
Dripped thickly over root and stone;
In the deep woods there was no day,
No day within them, shine or sun,
Only the night alway.

And ever more the cypresses
Against the cold sky rocked and swung,
The lurching of the high, black trees,
Their sprawling black tops tossed and flung
Against the sky. She made a hut
Of dripping stone and wattled clay
And the small window-space was shut
With woven reeds, green and gray.

VANCE THOMPSON.

The comely stars paced soberly
In the blue gardens overhead,
And morn and eve the housing sky
Shifted in blue and gold and red;
But She who dwelt in the stone hut
Knew not these things; on gathered knees
She leaned her face, her thick hair shut
Her from the stars and trees.



"No man may play tag with his
soul and win in the game."

A WEAVER OF SOULS.

*Jour d'allegresse
Et jour d'amour,
Fraternelle kermesse,
Tout est rose,
Tout flamboie,
C'est la joie,
L'apothéose!*

J. G. H.

Belus sat at his Steinway grand and his slender, troubled fingers failed to follow the quick drift of his mind. He played the "Waldesrauschen" of Liszt, but he murmured this: "After all, it's only a question of time when they all find me out. Zora, now—well, she'll get over it! What a woman! What a voice! She lacks soul; if she stays with me long enough I will weave her one!" He laughed, and shifted, by an almost unconscious harmonic cut, to the F minor nocturne of Chopin. With the upward curve of his thoughts the music grew more joyous, and bits of a Schubert Impromptu, with boiling scales and flashes of clear sky, followed. The window facing Belus looked out upon the Park. There was the golden gleam from the great erect synagogue and beyond the placid toy lake with its rim of moving children. The trees swept in a great semi-circle and just on their outer verge was the drive. The glow of the afternoon, the purity of the air and the glancing metal on the passing carriages made a gay picture for the pianist. He was not sitting at ease as his eyes rested gracefully on the green foliage. He was disquieted, and the interrogative note in his music betrayed mental turbulence. A certain fineness of features, a distinction of carriage and large brown eyes, set under a square forehead and on either side of a straight nose, gave Belus the air of an interesting man. His expression was complicated; he had not the frank gaze of the artist, nor did he meet his friends without a certain reticence. A veiled manner, in which were implications of moroseness, gave him the name of being hard to make out. But he was not. At least the women said so, and his frankness with them brought a hearty response. It led him to lengths, and finally experimentings, and this day he was wondering if there was a logical escape possible, when Zora came in without knocking. He was heartily glad to see her, and told her so. The girl—tall, dark, narrow-hipped and broad in the bust—gave him back his kindness with her eyes. They were superb, not only in the setting, but in the changeful coloring. Belus saw green, then gray, then blue, and knowing the signals, he kissed her and led her to the instrument.

Zora had stood absolutely passive when embraced, and the flash of fire across her face told Belus of another tropical outburst—the sort he had grown to wear as an easy fitting glove. "I've not come to sing, but to say good-bye." Her countenance wore a bitter expression, but her tones were even and restrained. He started. "Zora, are you leaving, and before the season has begun?" "Because I am tired of seeing your pleasure in attempting to torture me—" The musician laughed, and lighted a cigarette. That set the girl coughing, and finally she, too, laughed. "Let me ring for coffee and a cordial," said Belus. They drank the brandy first. Presently Zora was smoking and sipping her coffee. "I want you to promise me one thing before you go," he begged; "promise to see my wife and say good-bye. She will think it strange if you do not." His companion flushed, and stirred about the room uneasily. "Your wife!" she echoed. "Your wife—listen to me, Herman. When I first married you I believed in the infallibility of married happiness. When I discovered I had married a surgeon—don't stop me yet—a surgeon of women's souls—I allowed you to persuade me to divorce you. The situation would have been unbearable if I had not. Now that Dorothea—Mrs. Belus—is dissatisfied I am going, for surely she must suspect that I, too, was once Mrs. Belus." For the first time in his life the pianist seemed disconcerted. "I swear to you, I swear by my love for—" "Dorothea?" "No, my love for you, Zora, that I have told her nothing. She suspects nothing, nothing, nothing." Mrs. Belus came in through the hall door without knocking. All of his pupils had this habit, a habit he could not alter. She was charmingly gowned, the dominating note being heliotrope. She smiled on the pair, and asked in a sweet voice: "Do I disturb your lesson, Herman?" "No," he answered, and then boldly took her to Zora and said: "I wish no longer to deceive you, my dear. This young lady is my divorced wife." Both women blushed, and the air hummed with suspense. Breeding won the day. Dorothea put out her hand to the other and Zora grasped it. Then, as if one powerful idea had smitten the sympathetic chords of their natures, they turned their backs on the man, and slowly walked to the door. As they passed out Belus called to his second wife: "Dora, will you be back soon?" His first wife looked over her shoulder and smiled—the smile of a significant life. Belus stared at the empty doorway, then upon the moving children by the toy lake. He was not alone long, for he went to the piano and played one of Liszt's Consolations—the one in D flat.



The eagle in his eyrie
Hangs to hear;

The blue-tipped heron wary
Flies in fear;

The squirrel clings close and fast
To th' elm-bole;

And the sly, red fox slinks past
To his hole;

A timorous, silent shadow
Flits the doe;

And the panting hare i' th' meadow
Crouches low;

The grey wolf in the furze,
With sullen eyes,

Mid stones and bracken burrs,
Brooding lies;

Wild ducks sail to the edges
Of the pool;

The fish sink into the sedges,
Dark and cool;

All hushed and watchful lie,
Sullen, subdued;

A man comes whistling by,
Goes through the wood.

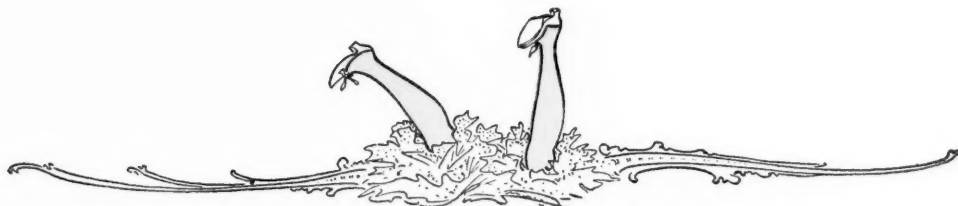
AN ENEMY.



All white and warm she lay, and round her face
The midnight of her hair gloomed sleepily;
The drift of billowy pillows made a place
Where man might droop and find it good to be;
And her sweet eyes were curtained with pale lids,
Wherein the blue veins groped like th' grape-vine's spurs;
A small mouth fluttered—as the rosebud rids
Itself of dew—and the small mouth was hers.

At all the windows the new dawn peered in
And yawning, sleepy wrens chirped pwpeeps! pwpeeps!
pwpeeps!
I wakened at the early morning din
And kissed her hair and said, "My dear heart sleeps."

A TOI.





BALLADS OF : : PAUL FORT.



From the concentrated and enthusiastic work of Paul Fort one derives a predominant impression, expressed in one word, leaving a limitless white margin around it for the wonderful faculties not to be conveyed in precise terms.

Singer—man of all, the most graciously endowed with word-music.

Already has he sung of all in all. Where are his limitations? How may one pen in a single line the picture of this youth of six-and-twenty years? I believe, indeed, there is no other contemporary writers so difficult to sketch. We find in him an undefined capacity for surprises. The only certainty is that we are sure to receive them.

He has the temerity not to confine himself to special lines. This in itself is original. May it not be as a concession to custom that he has given to his whole song the unique style of the ballad, till he is known as the "man of ballads"? Certainly it is not because his range is limited.

A great vagabond is he—believing that to him belongs the universe. He dwells now in the harbors, now in the stars; he grasps every subject; his distracting flight seems at times erratic; his impulses and his soarings suggest an excessive fervor. Then with equal ardor and tenderness he humbles himself at the foot of a blade of grass; again, a gentle woman at mass softens his heart; he reaches to the mountain heights; he embodies the forest that the setting sun inflames and the deeps that infinity enwraps; like a young god, he surveys the whirling world complacently; the artistic charm of its levels or its convexities enchant him, exalt him, force him to weep, laugh and smile, for he is even humorous also, as is due to all great spirits. It is unreasonable, say you?

No; a superior logic and reason—I am most tempted to say gigantic—pervades the ungovernable amplitude and this disquieting versatility.

He has not raised himself to these heights, or broadened out, by an effort of will or pride. Otherwise he would have stranded like many others. But he has the exceptional gift of possessing a sensitiveness equal to his intelligence. It is this peculiar sensitiveness which buoys him up like wings: with the aid of this support he makes no experiments. Behold the secret of the power of Paul Fort, as of the generation we acknowledge to have arisen in numbers, filled with health vigor, protected from the artificial and the eccentric by this powerful element of truth, strength and simplicity in art. It is purely a cerebral imagination which is false; if you are sincere enough to transcribe your true impressions, your work will bear the stamp of human interest which we ought certainly to see again in the modern French writers.

There lies the most living point of the literary period which seems to be opening out, and which will, I hope, expand at the beginning of the next century and which Paul Fort will have been one of the pioneers to inaugurate. It



is no longer a question of the individual; it is a question of the masses; it is no longer necessary to grimace to amuse dotards or enervated women; there are new growths to nourish and edify with virile examples—to charm by pure, simple song.



* * *

I believe truly that in Paul Fort the ancient soul of France will be reincarnated, in all its purity; generous, ardent, careless, distracted with fair longings—ignoring the conception of beauty which has lately arisen in Italy, religious and malignant, bold and broad to the point of license, with scintillations and nervous terrors of his Satanic Majesty, or his shade—in fine, spirituelle, witty and homespun.

* * *

That which is truly admirable in him is his lack of self-consciousness—'tis the voice of a child, singing. He disregards effect, rhetoric and prosody—even versification. There is not two cents' worth of literature in it. It is a candid, earnest soul that chants in the language it best knows. The rhythm is unaffected; he has no fear of it, and attains the

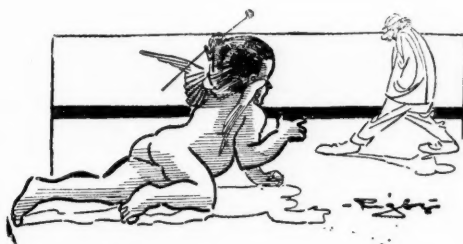
most harmonious results. Nothing is forced; it is written as it emanates, often with an awkwardness that would be execrable were it conscious; but it is never that. 'Tis the language of the people or of the gods, according to his subject, without evident effort. Its sincerity is almost brutal, and the charm of it is as delightful as it is original.

There is but one more observation to make concerning this child touched by the fairy's wand; it is that he will attain. * * * He has sufficient genius to hold himself well in hand, and will know how to direct his natural impulses.

* * *

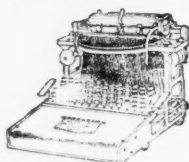
Just now he is infinitely sensitive, infinitely sincere; he has force, variety and fervor; the field of his activity seems unbounded, for he loves mankind—not a type of man, nor a group of men, but man himself, the creature of God, as he sees him—and he who possesses this love may hope to attain.

RENÉ BOYLÈSVE;
the English by
A. LENALIE.



If you want to own **THE** best Writing Machine on the market

YOU WILL GET A
CALIGRAPH



Its simplicity and unsurpassed wearing qualities distinguish it as the

TYPEWRITER
THAT
"STANDS AT THE HEAD"

Copies of our "Caligraph Bulletin" and illustrated Catalogue mailed free on application.

THE AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN., U. S. A.

There's nothing so good
for the Baby's Skin as
**Carbolated Talcum
Powder**



See that your drug-
gist gives you

Fehr's

It's not only the original (it has been commended by physicians for nearly forty years), but it is put up in paste board boxes.

BEWARE!
of Talcum Powders put up in tin boxes. Scientific analysis shows there is danger of lead poisoning

Two kinds, plain and perfumed. All druggists keep it. Samples free by mail.

JULIUS FEHR, Pharmacist
Hoboken, N. J.



VANCE THOMPSON,

Editor.

The Artist is

THOMAS FLEMING.

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER,

Associate Editor.

M'le New York is entered at the Post Office in New York City as second-class matter.

To be had only at all news stands, Ten Cents a Copy.